

were pledged to take us safely through, and who live under arms to protect their property and families.

After five hours of toiling up the Drinayi Pass, taking several deep fords, and being detained by a baggage horse falling fifty feet with his load, we crossed the summit, and by a long descent through hills of rounded outlines covered with uncut sun-cured hay, reached the plain of Gawar, where the guards left us. On the way we passed the small Christian hamlet of Eyal, which was robbed of its sheep with the sacrifice of the shepherd's life the following night. At the village of Yekmala on the plain the Kurdish *katirgis* by a shameful exaction got us into great trouble, and there was a fight, in which Johannes's gun was wrested from him, and some of my things were taken, the Kurds meantime driving off their animals at a fast trot. The aspect of affairs was so very bad and the attack on my men so violent that I paid the value of the Kurdish depredations, and we got away. A little farther on the *katirgis* were extremely outrageous, and began to fulfil their threat of "throwing down their loads," but I persuaded *QasJia*, who was alarmed and anxious, to leave them behind, and they thought better of it.

The mountain-girdled plain of Gawar is a Paradise of fertility, with abundant water, and has a rich black soil capable of yielding twenty or thirtyfold to the cultivator. On it is the town of Diza, chiefly Armenian, which is a Turkish customs station, a military post, and

the residence of a Kaimakam. There are  
over twenty  
Christian as well as some Moslem villages  
on Gawar,  
and a number of Kurdisjh hamlets and "  
castles " on the  
slopes and in the folds of the hills above it.

The sun was sinking as we embarked on  
the plain,  
and above the waves of sunset gold which  
flooded it rose  
the icy spires and crags of the glorious Jelu  
ranges and